

Intoxicated

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Intoxicated

by [Illyxion](#)

Summary

James doesn't know if he's in love with him, but he's certain of one thing—he WANTS to hurt Severus.

Contains vulgar language, thoughts about rape/sexual assault, and a deeply unhealthy relationship.

Notes

I wrote this in an hour at one in the morning so forgive me for any mistakes.

Contains vulgar language, thoughts about rape/sexual assault, and a deeply unhealthy relationship.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It wasn't their first meeting that left James Potter feeling exhilarated. It wasn't their first fight, nor was it their first time seeing each other after a break. It wasn't when James noticed his rare presence during a Quidditch match either. Heck, it wasn't even when he nearly died during the Whomping Willow incident.

No, James had never felt like this in any of those instances because he wasn't *in love* with him. He doesn't regret driving the slimeball towards the brink of suicide. He doesn't regret tarnishing his reputation and sabotaging any chance at having a genuine friendship with anybody. He felt justified, and in a crueler sense, entitled to the responsibility of ruining the snake's life.

He wasn't confused. This wasn't a fucking romance novel.

In fact, the first time he felt it was after he punched Severus Snape in the gut for calling Lily a mudblood.

Granted, it was definitely unreasonably cruel on James's part—he already got his revenge by revealing the snake's dick in front of a crowd—but it felt all too good to inflict some sort of damage. He wasn't even doing it for Lily anymore, he just wanted an excuse to remind Snape that he was still the alpha male.

But something about Snivellus curled up on the floor activated something in his brain that almost made the young Gryffindor collapse.

An overwhelming force of pain and pleasure paralyzed him as he felt only his vital organs. His heart beat accelerated and lungs cramped like it was a grenade in his chest. His chest felt like he was drowning in thick syrup, but it tasted so sweet *and he wanted to drown even more-*

He wanted to punch him and choke him *and rip his clothes off and bite his neck and make him cry and scream and break into him-*

But he resisted because even he knew there were certain lines that shouldn't be crossed.

(*'I'm a fucking hypocrite,'* James bitterly thought later on when he remembered the mudblood incident.)

It was nothing compared to the genuine joy he felt when Lily was forced to be partnered with him, nor the dazed feeling he gets when he fantasizes about the redhead.

What made this feeling stand out was that it felt too *real*.

It was a strong sensation and it burned him. He knew immediately it was dangerous, so without any regard for the other boy, he backed away from Snivellus. At this point, James was sure he was out cold from the beating.

'It wouldn't hurt to get a souvenir,' the young Gryffindor thought. *'Like a Roman hero claiming the spoils of war.'*

He nicked the only item he wanted and left.

When James went to bed that night, he snuggled a green scarf and breathed in the greaseball's scent. It smelled like human skin. Not sweet and artificial like perfume, nor did it resemble fresh parchment like Lily's scent, but it smelled *real and manly and oh so fucking good-*

So maybe he was a bit confused about his feelings for Severus Snape.

Maybe he does like him for all he is, from his sickly appearance to his unappealing personality. From his sharp wit to his headstrong determination, James couldn't find himself innately disliking the Slytherin's personality (his opinions and attitude were a different issue).

Deeply flawed, yes, but redeemable if given relentless positive regard.

But nevertheless, it doesn't change anything about their existing relationship. James may not know whether he even wanted love from him, or whether or not his love for Severus could even compare to his love for Lily, but he knew one thing for certain.

James Potter *wants* to hurt Severus Snape.

He knows how dangerous that feeling was, but it gave him a raw feeling of authority and lust. It burned him in ways that pleased the pureblood in ways Lily could never. Hurting Lily made him feel shame, but hurting Snape made him feel like a *fucking god*. Because of that, nothing will change between them.

He'll make sure of it.

End Notes

It ended up being much more toxic than I had intended, but I'm satisfied with it. Something about the dynamic of this couple makes me write very angsty things.

Feel free to leave kudos and a review! Not required, but I'd like to see what I'm doing right and where I need to improve.

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